



Phoenix and the dragons



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Chapter 1 by Eloise

Summary: Phoenix Dufort is an Elemental and a dragon rider which hasn't been heard of for hundreds of years. She is captured and held imprisoned for nearly 7 years and when she does escape, nobody knows who she is. Except for the group who have been searching for her ever since she disappeared.

My Name is Phoenix Dufort and this is my story.

I looked at the people next to me, also waiting for their fates to be sealed. There were 7 other girls from her village and 9 boys all turning 16 before the fall.

I was vaguely aware that the Lord Durrand was speaking but was too busy freaking about whether or not I would be chosen for death, sacrifice, nothing, slavery or end up becoming an elemental or dragon rider. The three deep, jagged scars travelling from my left shoulder to the right of my bellybutton was a reminder of what could happen to those chosen for death or sacrifice.

"-CEREMONY BEGIN!"

I watched all the selections before her, 3 boys and 1 girl. No slaves, the girl was picked for scarification and both boys were elemental.

"Dufort, Phoenix"

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I walked onto the stone platform in the middle of the courtyard and placed her hand on the large flat Onyx stone and let the
before I was suddenly lifted off the ground with a golden glow surrounding me. The gold turned green and blue before settling down to a soft pulsing violet. The same colour as my eyes.

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The silence in the air was long and unnerving to me. Had something bad happened?

The Lord cleared his throat uncomfortably and started speaking, I listened hard at what he had to say, dread filling my stomach.

"It seems we have the second dragon rider elemental in 100 centuries. Phoenix Dufort." Nobody cheered or clapped like they had with the boys, they had only stared. I watched my dad as he left the crowd, head bowed to hide a small smile. At least my dad hasn't frowned like he did with Fae. My face blanks as I think about my dead sister, murdered by a man of mystery.

A hand grasped my shoulders, pulling me out of the memory and off the raised platform causing me to stumble back. I whipped around to stop myself from falling but the same hands held firm, keeping me steady. I look up at the man who caused and prevented my fall and scowl. Baeryn Flight. The man who bullies those he believes are beneath him like the poor. Like my family.

"Unhand me." I said firmly, he smirks and nodded at someone behind me. A sharp sting in my neck and everything went black.

That's all I remember about the ceremony, I can't recall anything after the prick.

Now, I think I've been in the same cell for what feels like 10 years. No doubt people have long forgotten about me. All I've done in my time of NOT being able to meet humans, aside from those who guard my cell and use me for science experiments, is draw, read, write and teach myself how to control certain powers that I have found out about so far.

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